

THE
Sinner's Lookingglass,
OR A
Serious Call to a holy
L I F E;

S H E W I N G

The *L I F E* and blessed *E N D* of the
R I G H T E O U S;

A L S O

The *L I F E* and dreadful *E N D* of the
W I C K E D.

By a Wellwisher to all Mankind.

*Awake to Righteousness and Sin not, for
some have not the Knowledge of GOD.
I speak this to your shame. 1. Cor. 15. 34.*

M A N C H E S T E R:

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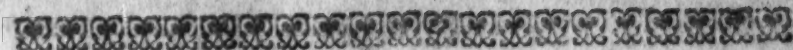
To the Reader.

THE Occasion of Writing this is not with an Intent to bring Honour and Profit to myself, but to bring Honour to God, and Profit to immortal Souls; for, seeing Iniquity so abound, I have been constrain'd to write the following Treatise; and I pray God it may have the wish'd-for Success: So Reader look well to thyself; consider thy Ways and be wise. Art thou an outward Sinner? Here is something for thee; disobey it at the Peril of thy Immortal Soul. Art thou one Outwardly circumspect, resting in the form of Godliness, but destitute of the Power? Here is likewise a Portion for thee. Art thou a Mourner? Here is Comfort for thee in thy Distress. Art thou inwardly holy as well as outwardly righteous? Here are Directions for thee to continue so to the End. So let ev'ry one take what is his Lott; for be who ye will or what ye will, if you are determin'd to continue in Sin, Destruction will be your Portion; but, for the Love of God and for the sake of your Immortal Part, take this timely Warning. God is not willing you should die in your Sins and be Miserable to all Eternity; for he expressly saith "I delight not in the Death of the Wicked, but that the Wicked turn from his Way and live: Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" He wills your Holiness in Time and your Happiness in Eternity. O then be no longer Unwise; but if you tender your Souls Welfare in Time and in Eternity, set about a Preparation quickly; forsake your Sins instantly; confess them to the Lord earnestly; and he who hath promised to receive the vilest of the vile, will pardon and forgive you all your Sins and cleanse you from all Unrighteousness; then as Eternity must be your Everlasting Home, trifle not in
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To the Reader.

the Way; for, depend upon it, if you die guilty everlasting Destruction will be your Portion; but if you turn from Sin to God in Time, if you live to his Glory here, you will then die the Death of the Righteous, and have your Lot among the just; which, that you all may, God of his Infinite Mercy grant, for Jesus Christ's Sake; AMEN.





THE SINNER'S LOOKINGGLASS.

WHERE are the Men. I say, the Women where,
Who do in Truth the King of Glory fear?
Who fly from Sin, who groan to be made free?
Where are his Servants in Sincerity?
Where dwell the People who him fear and love,
Who live, in some Degree, like those above,
Whose Souls are cloath'd with Righteousness divine,
Who fly from Sin, who in good Works do shine?
Where dwell the People who are fill'd with Peace,
Who do aspire for inward Holiness,
Who only live to be prepar'd to die,
To praise free Grace in the bright World of Joy?
Where, are they found? Where is their Dwelling Place?
Alas! I fear they are of small Increase.
Few fly from Sin; few make to God true Prayer;
Few are forgiven, few his Image bear.
And why is this? Alas it is too plain;
Men are immers'd in Pleasure or gross Sin;
Sin, that foul Monster, Thousands do pursue;
And Pleasures vain, which will their Souls undoe.
Swearing is wrong, all, doubtless, will confesse;
And yet this Sin abounds in ev'ry Place;
And so doth Whoreing and Adultery;
And Drunkards, now, do even beasts defy;
And Sabbath-breaking doubtless is a Sin;
And yet, alas! Thousands do live therein;
Regardless of the Laws of God and Man;
But Satan's Cause they valliantly maintain.
Gaming is wrong; Cheating and Lying too;
Extortion, and the like, will Souls undoe:
And yet, alas! alas! it is too plain,
Thousands with all their Might these Ways maintain:

Shocking alas! to see, in every Place,
 How Sin abounds, the Cause of all Distress;
 Sin, that sweet Mortel, Thousands do take in;
 Sweet, did I say? alas it ends in Pain;
 Yet People live as tho' there was no God,
 Or sure Rewards for either bad or good;
 But soon with them the Scene will changed be;
 For they must launch into Eternity;
 And if they are not chang'd in Time by Grace,
 They'll have the Wages of Unrighteousness,
 In the dark Gulph of Everlasting Pain,
 Nor, for a Moment, be releas'd again:
 Pain Everlasting! Oh Eternal Pain!
 The Word Eternal brings an Awfull Scene.
 At this each Sinner should learn to be wise,
 And turn to God, who gives Eternal Joys:
 But if they will not turn to him, while here,
 Of Joys immortal they will have no share;
 But Pain unceasing, will their Portion be,
 Oh dreadfull thought! to all Eternity.
 So heres the End of a vain Life of Sin;
 Oh Dismal End! which is Eternal Pain.
 And Pleasure takers must have the same Fate,
 If Guilty found, when Death shall on them wait:
 At this some start; but why should it be so?
 A Playhouse, doubtless, is the Road to Woe;
 Balls and Assemblies lead the self-same Way,
 Tho' Thousands do frequent them in our Day;
 And all things else, which feed the carnal Mind,
 Are doubtless wrong, as People soon will find
 To their Confusion, when their Bodies die,
 Unless they do Forgiveness here enjoy.
 " But some will say there is no Harm at all
 " To hear a Play, no more than see a Ball;
 " Without Diversions People would go mad;
 " Diversions make the Heart chearful and glad,

And

" And God will never speak against such Ways ;
 " We may be virtuous tho' we go to Plays ;
 " Such innocent Amusements are no Sin ;
 " They drive all Melancholy from within ;
 " And that is right, for People should be glad,
 " Nor be too righteous, least they should go mad.
 " Diversions may be us'd with Innocence,
 " So we conclude they are not an Offence."
 And do you so ? but can you prove the same ?
 If so, I say, your strongest Proofs proclaim ;
 But Scripture fails you, so doth Reason too,
 Tho' they seem right they will your Souls undo.
 Pain is annex'd to carnal Pleasures here ;
 Pleasures of Sense but lead to black Despair.
 Despair is what vain Pleasures give the Soul ;
 Pleasures do wound, alas ! not make it whole.
 Pleasures of Sense can never satisfy ;
 The vast Desire which in the Soul doth lie.
 Instead of this they leave it discontent,
 Still wanting more, still to vain Pleasures bent ;
 The Soul wants rest, but carnal Pleasures can
 Never give rest unto the Soul of Man.
 One Pleasure grasp'd, another doth present,
 Still void of God ! void of all true Content.
 Content is not in any Thing but he,
 Who made the Soul to live eternally.
 For true Content search all Creations round ;
 But out of God it never will be found.
 No, in no wise ; for carnal Pleasures do
 But lead the Soul unto eternal woe.
 They may seem sweet, but they in Gall will end,
 To all who do not find the Lord their Friend ;
 For when pale Death hath thrown the Mask aside,
 The mighty God the Contest will decide.
 They'll, doubtless, see the End of Pleasures vain,
 In the dark Gulph of everlasting Pain.

But

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But Men of Pleasure who, with all their Might,
 Pursue their God of Pleasure, Day and Night,
 Do little think what will their Portion be,
 When took from Time into Eternity.
 For their vain Hopes of Bliss no more will be,
 Tho' here they dream of true Felicity;
 While all their Life they live in Pleasures vain,
 And Day and Night their Master's cause maintain,
 So they may hope for Bliss, but all in vain;
 For while their carnal Pleasures they maintain
 Their Hopes will fail, which will their Souls confound,
 Not built on Christ, but upon sandy Ground;
 And yet the Swearer and the Drunkard too,
 Yea th' most abandon'd of the hellish Crew,
 Are fill'd with Hopes to live in endless Bliss,
 And not in Hell, where Torments never cease;
 But their vain Hopes at Death will from them fly;
 And when they stand before the Lord most high,
 They'll see the End of their vile Wickedness,
 If not in Time chang'd by his special Grace;
 Yet to the End that they may saved be,
 From Sin in Time and endless Misery,
 He by his Spirit doth convince of Sin,
 Their Souls immortal which are all unclean.
 From Time to Time, he works upon the Mind,
 His Work to stop new Pleasures they do find;
 Regardless of his Motions they pursue
 Their crooked Ways which are but sweet while new;
 Yet they can talk of Christ, Bliss, and Religion;
 What profits that, while Strangers to Conversion?
 While they pursue their carnal Pleasures vain,
 Or are immers'd in grosser Ways of Sin?
 Religion never was in more Men's Brains,
 Than at this Day, yet few in Truth it gains;
 Few are it's Advocates in Life and Heart;
 Few with their Sins for true Religion Part;

And

And yet these bear his ever-blessed Name,
 By whom our Being and Redemption came;
 But Names change not the Nature of a Thing;
 Names will not Souls to endless Glory bring.
 Swearing and lying Christians there are none;
 Drinking and Whoring Christians do disown
 The Name and Nature of the Son of God,
 By doing Evil and refusing Good.
 None are true Christians who God's Law transgress,
 Who do resist the Spirit of his Grace;
 None are true Christians void of Faith divine,
 Who do not from pure Love in good Works shine;
 None have true Faith who live in any Sin;
 Faith works by Love and changes all within.
 Faith justifies and makes poor Sinners whole,
 And that throughout in Body, Spirit, Soul.
 None have true Faith who are for Pleasures bent;
 None have true Faith who never did repent;
 None have true Faith who trust for works to be
 Saved to Bliss, from endless Misery.
 This is true Faith to know the Love of God,
 To feel Redemption through his precious Blood,
 To feel his Peace within the Soul abide,
 To know his Spirit is our only Guide;
 Faith is a Work, but 'tis the Work of God,
 Purchas'd for all by Christ, who shed his Blood;
 And all who seek in earnest find the same,
 To live to him, and die to Praise his Name:
 But void of Faith all Hopes of Bliss are vain;
 And yet to hope for Bliss and live in Sin,
 Is nought else but Presumption I declare;
 Such do in Fact the King of Glory dare;
 To hope for Bliss and yet in Works to trust,
 Is in Effect declaring God unjust.
 But he is just, and only for the Sake
 Of Christ, his Son, can we of Bliss partake;

Tho

sing

Tho' Men do dream for their own Works to be
 Saved to Bliss from endless Misery;
 Because they walk in all the Means of Grace,
 And do some Good, they think to live in Bliss.
 I own without good Works no one can be
 Saved to Bliss from endless Misery:
 Yet while the Heart is unrenew'd by Grace,
 It is in vain to Hope for endless Bliss:
 'Tis right to read, to hear God's Word, and pray,
 And in all Points to keep the Sabbath-Day;
 'Tis doubtless right to do what Good we can,
 Unto the Body and the Soul of Man;
 Yea 'tis our Duty; yet when all is done,
 Thus saith God's own true, everlasting Son,
 Unprofitable Servants we are found;
 Then, are our Works for Bliss sufficient Ground?
 No, in no wise; if so what Need was there
 For Christ in human Nature to appear;
 To live a holy, righteous Life on Earth?
 To die at last an ignominious Death?
 To rise again, again ascend on high?
 To intercede for Man, his Enemy?
 What Need of this, I say, if Man can be
 Saved for Works, to Bliss, from Misery?
 What Need was there? Why there was none at all;
 Then surely Man from God did never fall;
 He never did his righteous Law transgress,
 But always liv'd in Perfect Holiness.
 Nay; Man hath Sin'd against the Lord most high,
 Nor can he Justice ever satisfy.
 Thus 'twas with Adam, thus it doth remain;
 Justice will have it, or give endless Pain.
 But Man unable this great Work to do,
 Justice cry'd out, sink him to endless Woe;
 Send the offender to eternal Pain,
 Nor let him find Redemption thence again;

But

But, sing O Heavens! and rejoice O Earth;
 Mercy steps in, and so prevents the Death;
 The Everlasting God a Promise made;
 The Woman's Seed shall bruise the Serpent's Head.
 I, the eternal Son, will live and die
 For Man, who is become my Enemy;
 The Law he's broke, I will again fulfill;
 I'll die for him since Justice Death doth will;
 Tho' he was God from Eternity,
 This he fulfill'd unto the last Degree.
 He liv'd and dy'd for Man, he rose again,
 And did ascend to the imperial Plain;
 There he for Sinners ever lives to pray;
 His Presence maketh everlasting Day;
 And for his Sake Sinners must saved be
 From Sin in Time, and Endless Misery.
 By his free Grace all Men convinced are,
 And by the same all such as are sincere,
 Find Pardon and Salvation, while on Earth,
 And Glory when past through the Vale of Death:
 This is the Way, and only Way, which Man
 Can find Salvation, while in Time, from Sin;
 This is the Way, and only Way, which he
 Can at the last be sav'd from Misery.
 This Paul, the great Apostle, hath laid down;
 He shews Salvation is by Grace alone.
 God freely saves, not for what we have done,
 But for the Sake of Jesus Christ, his Son;
 And well for Man, I say, 'tis well for he,
 That ever God found such a Remedy;
 A Balm which can heal the deepest Wound;
 To him who come are made entirely sound;
 The Way to come is to renounce all Sin;
 Self, that sweet Darling, in us must not reign;
 We must be found in all the Means of Grace,
 Yet look thro' all to Christ, who offers Peace.

And

And tho' Salvation comes not for the same,
 Yet without this we shall find endless shame;
 As finfull Creatures we dependant are
 On God, for what we have, or hope to share.
 Our Food he gives, our Raiment and our Health,
 Grace, while in Time, and everlasting Wealth;
 So unto him we should each Moment spend,
 Since we on him for all Things do depend;
 Yet if by Works we will Salvation seek,
 The moral Law we must be sure to keep;
 We must not sin in Thought, in Word, or Deed,
 But live as he who on the Cross did bleed;
 But this we cannot, since by Nature we
 Are Branches of a foul, corrupted Tree.
 And from our Nature, that corrupted Stream,
 Flows every Sin which outwardly brings Shame.
 And being so corrupt in Life and Heart,
 We have not kept the Law in whole or part;
 Sinless Obedience, both without, within,
 It doth require; do this and Glory win;
 But this we cannot; this great Work was done:
 By Sinners? Nay, by God's eternal Son;
 Yet we must work, as tho' for Works we must
 Be sav'd to Bliss, but not in Works to trust;
 Not for our Works, nor yet without can we
 Be sav'd to Bliss from endless Misery.
 Christ is the Cause, his Spirit works Conversion;
 God will have all the Praise of our Salvation.
 But would he have it if our Works would save
 Our Souls to Bliss, when they our Bodies leave?
 Should we praise him for his all-saving Grace?
 Or should we not give to ourselves all Praise?
 I think we should; but this will never be;
 For tho' the Lord bestows Salvation free,
 It is our Duty to do what we can,
 Yet look to God to make all right within.

Faith

Faith justifies before the Lord most high,
 Works before Man our Persons justify;
 True Faith in Man is wrought by God's free Grace,
 Where this is found the Soul gives him all Praise.
 Praise him ye Saints, who are with Glory crown'd;
 Praise him ye Angels who his Throne surround;
 Praise him ye Saints who sojourn upon Earth,
 In all you do shew forth the same till Death.
 Happy the Souls whose Conflicts now are o'er,
 Who are safe landed on the blissful Shore.
 Thrice happy they secure for ever dwell,
 In Joys immortal, Joys unspeakable.
 Happy are they, who have in Jesus found
 A healing Plaster for their ev'ry Wound;
 Who are united unto him, their Head,
 And are by his unerring Spirit led;
 Happy are they and blessed of the Lord,
 Since they are unto Life divine restor'd.
 Once they were dead, but now they live again,
 And count the World with all its Pleasures vain.
 Vain World! Each cries, thy Proffers I do scorn,
 To Things above my Spirit now is born;
 From Christ my Life I find true Peace and Rest;
 Vain World adieu, in Christ I must be blest'd.
 Christ is their all, their Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Christ to their Souls all needful Good doth bring:
 He rules their Minds, they serve him Night and Day,
 And from Experience, each amaz'd, can say,
 Where, or how, shall my wond'ring Soul begin,
 To tell the Mercy which I feel within?
 That I, a Sinner, rendered fit for Hell,
 In my poor Soul the comforter shou'd dwell?
 Amazing Love! How comes the same to be?
 Why shou'd my Saviour shew such love to me?
 That I, a Sinner, wretched, lost and poor,
 He, by his Spirit, shou'd to Life restore?

B

Amazing

Amazing Love! Tis boundless Mercy free,
 That he should Pardon poor unworthy me,
 And by his Spirit witness in my Heart,
 That I'm his Child, and there pure Life impart;
 Amazing Love! 'tis all of Grace——I tell
 That I should feel pure Peace, unspeakable;
 That I should feel my Saviour's Love in me;
 O boundless Love! Mercy divine and free!
 I'm lost in wonder, since I am forgiven,
 And that I should feel a Foretaste of Heaven.
 Peace, Love and Joy, the Fruit of his own Spirit,
 The Gift of God, which Christ for me did merit.
 This is my Heaven, to know his Love to me,
 My God is Love, his Love for all is free;
 I found it so; the Chief of Sinners I,
 And so may all, for Christ for all did die.
 Come taste his Love with me, ye Sons of Men;
 Let not my Saviour live and die in vain,
 But leave your Sins and them confess to God,
 And seek Redemption in my Saviour's Blood;
 Only for this you will accepted be,
 Only through this you can in Time be free.
 From Sin the Guilt, and from it's reigning Power,
 From it's Remains, and Hell at your last Hour:
 If here you find Redemption in his Blood,
 You will enjoy the Peace and Love of God;
 This flows from Sense of Pardon of all Sin,
 Peace, Life and Love, are manifest within.
 O seek Redemption in his precious Blood;
 Seek Pardon, Peace and Life and Love from God;
 Which if you find your Soul's will happy be,
 And praise him for Redemption found with me.
 Did you but know the Peace I do possess,
 And were convinc'd you stood in Need of this,
 As sure you do, you would be earnest for it,
 Nor rest content till in your Hearts you had it.

Seek

Seek ye in earnest, I beseech you now,
 Unto my Saviour's Sceptre freely bow;
 Delay no longer; Time flies swift away,
 And fast approacheth your last awful Day.
 O haste to Christ before that Day doth come,
 His Arms are open, for you there is Room;
 Now make your Calling and Election sure.
 Your Souls are wounded, seek to Christ for Cure,
 His Spirit, the true Purchase of his Blood,
 Will cure the same and join them unto God.
 Mind ye its Motions, cherish all Conviction,
 Rest not without the Knowledge of Salvation;
 For if you do, when Death to you shall come,
 You will meet with your everlasting Doom;
 Consign'd to Wee, to everlasting Pain,
 Nor ever find Redemption thence again.
 But why alasl why should your Dwelling be
 With Fiends unhappy, plung'd in Misery?
 Since you may find Redemption while on Earth,
 And everlasting Glory after Death.
 And is it true that you may be forgiven,
 And here made meet to live with Christ in Heaven?
 And is it true that you may happy be
 In Joys which are to all Eternity?
 Yes, oh my Friends, all this is really true,
 If you in Time will bid to Sin adieu;
 If you forsake and them confess to God,
 He'll give you these through him who shed his Blood,
 Oh then be wise and happy while you may;
 Now is the Time, now is Salvation's Day.
 You may have Pardon, Holiness and Bliss,
 Peace while in Time, and endless Happiness.
 And will you not be wise for your own Good,
 And seek Redemption in our Saviour's Blood?
 Will you not turn that you may holy be,
 To live with God to all Eternity?

Yea sure you will; then make a speedy Choice;
 Let Saints and Angels over you rejoice.
 Let your Conversion be prais'd far above;
 Let all the Choirs chant forth the Power of Love.
 This they will do, if you will but be wise;
 If you seek for and find substantial Joys.
 When you are born again of his own Spirit,
 They will rejoice and praise King Jesus for it.
 But when you are made meet for Joys above,
 And landed safe where all are Peace and Love,
 For your Salvation they will make to ring
 The Heavenly Courts, in praise to Christ, their King;
 And you with them will join in ceaseless Praise,
 To sing the Wonders of his Love and Grace;
 Immortal Joys with them you there will prove,
 In the full Ocean of eternal Love.
 O blessed End! and this will be your own,
 If you will but from Sin to Jesus turn;
 If you find Pardon and Perfection here,
 You will, at Death, in endless Joys appear;
 But if you do not, be assur'd of this,
 You will at Death tall short of endless Bliss.
 For when the mighty God gives Death Command,
 He comes and layeth on you his cold Hand;
 You die, your'e gone, but where's the Soul I pray?
 Convey'd by Angels to eternal Day?
 Alas, alas! it is not I declare;
 'Tis plung'd into the Regions of Despair.
 Sin, that foul Monster, gnaws the guilty Mind,
 Which, for a Moment, can no Comfort find.
 In Hell 'tis not; the Soul her Hell doth bear,
 'Tis fill'd with Horror, Darkness and Despair,
 O wofull State who wou'd be so unwise,
 To fly from Heaven for vain, fading Joys?
 Who would lose Heaven for the Sweets of Sin,
 And make sure Work of everlasting Pain?

Sure

Sure none but mad Men would so stupid be,
 To fly from Bliss to endless Misery.
 And yet, God knows, whole Multitudes there are,
 Who flock the downward Road to black Despair;
 Courageous bold, are Sinners while in Health,
 They spend in Sin the best of worldly Wealth;
 Time, that rich Jewel, thus alas they spend,
 Which doubtless will in sure Destruction end.
 See how they rant and rove in Pleasures gay,
 And drink and whore and break the Sabbath-Day,
 They curse and swear, and hug each darling Sin;
 The Mark of Satan's on their Forehead plain;
 Religion that's of little worth with them.
 It's Power within they utterly contemn,
 It's Outside by them scarcely is borne up,
 And yet for Heaven they do vainly hope;
 But follow them to a sick Bed, and hear,
 How earnestly they cry to God in Prayer;
 Hark! how they promise, if they mend again,
 To live to him, and not in Ways of Sin.
 Sin now lies heavy on their guilty Mind,
 And Hell before them strikes a Scene unkind;
 They fear to die, because they guilty are;
 On this Account they cry to God in Pray'r;
 To some indeed he grants a longer Space,
 But when got well they do again transgress;
 Yea, some prove far more wicked than before,
 Satan they serve, and faithfully adore.
 But will they 'scape? No, no; for die they must,
 Their Bodies will again return to dust,
 Their Souls will go into a World unknown,
 And if found guilty they will be undone:
 Methinks I see one, on his Death-bed lie;
 But is it Thought, or in Reality?
 Guilty alas he dreads to think on Death,
 Fearfull to die and give up his last Breath;

Methinks I hear him cry to mend again ;
 But all his cries abortive are, and vain ;
 Methinks I see his Joints smite one the other,
 And round him weeping Parents, Sister, Brother ;
 Methinks I see him trembling on his Bed,
 His Heart within ready to cleave with Dread,
 Crying aloud oh ! whither must I go ?
 My Pain, my Fear is great, what shall I do ?
 His Friends alas, hearing his dismal Cries,
 Do wring their Hands while Tears gush from their Eyes ;
 Some crying out my Son, my Brother dear,
 Will die, and leave us to lament him here ;
 A mispent Life is now set in full View,
 And Death doth now his guilty Soul pursue,
 Which makes him fearfull to be took from hence ;
 But against Death there is no sure Defence.
 His Friends do pray and weep, but all in vain,
 And he cries out for Help to mend again ;
 Fearfull to die, but Death with his cold Hand,
 Is ready to obey the Lord's Command,
 And Friends, still weeping, him they do behold,
 Some crying out alas his Feet are cold.
 Then with him they all take their last Farewell,
 But little think where his poor Soul must dwell ;
 And now methinks he is near dead and gone,
 Death riseth gradual, he doth fear and groan,
 But die he must for Death has now Command,
 So strikes all over his cold shivering Hand,
 His Bodies here, but where's the Soul I pray ?
 In endless Night or everlasting Day ?
 Is it in Glory endless Joys to share ?
 Or in the Gulph of Darkness and despair ?
 'Tis not in Bliss ; alas, alas 'tis gone
 Into the Gulph of Night, there to bemoan
 It's mispent Life, and for it's curst Sin,
 It will be fill'd with everlasting Pain.

Oh

Oh wofull End! Oh dreadfull is its Doom,
 There Comfort for one Moment cannot come;
 The End of Sin is everlasting Pain;
 Then none but Madmen sure would live in Sin;
 Shocking their Life, more shocking is their Death,
 But more, alas, when they are took from Earth;
 For then they cease from their Diversions here,
 Consign'd with Fiends eternal Woes to share;
 But, on the other Hand, the righteous view
 In Life, and them to a Death-bed pursue;
 View them exalted on a Throne of Love,
 With Christ their Saviour endless Joys to prove;
 Their Life is blessed; blessed in their Death,
 But far more blessed when took from our Earth;
 For then they cease from Tribulation here,
 And of pure Joys to have a blessed share.
 In Life they do repent of ev'ry Sin,
 In Life their Souls are truly born again;
 In Life God's Spirit dorth to them apply
 Salvation, Peace, and Life, and Love, and Joy:
 Him they do serve, obedient to his Word,
 Since their dead Souls are unto Life restor'd;
 He crowns the same with his own Presence here,
 Which causeth them the greatest Cross to bear,
 And while they bear with Patience ev'ry Cross,
 They count all things for Christ but Dung and Dross,
 And while they do from Sin unto him cleave,
 They grow in Grace and to his Glory live;
 No State like theirs so blessed and so good;
 They are the Friends and Favourites of God;
 Adorn'd with him true Virtue they pursue,
 And Pleasures find which are for ever new;
 Happy they are, for they indeed possess,
 The Love of God, the Source of Happiness;
 And having this they need no other Good;
 Love is their all; their Heaven, and all is God.

O Blessed

You

O blessed Souls! so favour'd of the Lord;
 For in them dwells Christ, the eternal Word.
 He rules their Minds, he doth them sanctify,
 And makes them meet for everlasting Joy.
 O blessed Souls! the Image of their Lord
 Is by his Spirit unto them restor'd.
 Like the King's Daughter, glorious all within,
 Made meet for God in endless Joys to reign.
 O happy Souls! when thus adorn'd within,
 Methinks in Time they will not long remain;
 Made ready for their everlasting Home,
 With Joy they cry O come, Lord Jesus, come?
 O happy Souls when Sickness, Death's Forerunner,
 Is on them laid, at God they do not murmur;
 No, they rejoice to think their End is nigh;
 Content they live, yet more content to die;
 O happy Souls! they fear not to meet Death,
 But long indeed to give up their last Breath;
 Death's Sting is gone which makes them not to fear,
 But welcome Death, as a good Messenger:
 No gloomy Horror lies uppn their Mind,
 Death only is to them a Porter kind;
 Death opens wide the Door thro' which they go
 From Time to Bliss, and 'scape eternal Woe.
 Methinks I see them in their latest Hours,
 And round them waiting the angelic Powers,
 For to conduct their happy Souls away,
 When they do quit their Tenements of Clay.
 O happy Souls! they only wait the Hour,
 When Death shall strike all over them his power;
 When he shall lay upon them his cold Hand,
 Their Souls will rise to the pure blisfull Land,
 Methinks I see them gasping out their last,
 When Death on them his shivering Hand doth cast;
 Methinks I see their happy Spirits rise
 To the bright Shore of everlasting Joys;

Methinks

Methinks I see them welcom'd into Bliss,
 By the eternal triune God of Grace,
 And by the Choirs who circle round his Throne,
 In and by whom his blessed Will is done:
 Methinks I see, when they together meet,
 How kindly they do to each other greet.
 Methinks I see them each with Glory crown'd
 And the bright Choirs the heavenly Throne surround;
 Methinks I hear them all in Chorus join,
 In one eternal Song of praise divine,
 Fill'd with pure Joys, Joys which will never end,
 From God their all, their Everlasting Friend.
 O happy Souls! their evil Days are gone;
 Their Rest is sure, now on their Saviour's Throne;
 Their Toils are ended, Pain they know no more;
 Their Joys are lasting on the blissfull Shore;
 O happy Souls! they rest secure from Sin,
 From Satan, and a World of Pleasures vain;
 Boundless their Joys, from Tribulation free,
 So will remain to all Eternity.
 O happy Souls! Praise is your whole Employ,
 And love the only Heaven you do enjoy;
 For God is Love and will your Heaven be,
 O blessed thought! to all Eternity.
 Hail happy Souls! you we congratulate;
 Now you are landed on your blest'd Estate;
 Your Days of Mourning now are at an End,
 You live secure with your eternal Friend.
 Hail happy Souls! on the celestial Shore,
 You now fare well and must for evermore;
 No more to live in a mean House of Clay,
 But in pure Joys, thro' one eternal Day.
 Hail happy Souls! hail all ye blessed Choirs!
 Who tune your Harps, and sound your golden Lyres.
 Hail all ye happy Souls, redeem'd by Blood!
 And all ye Angels round the Throne of God!

Hail

Hail Father, Son, and Spirit, three in one,
 Be everlasting Praise to thee alone.
 Thou art, and was, and shall for ever be;
 Thy Glory was, is, and no End will see;
 To thee, O Lord I belongs immortal Praise,
 For the rich Wonders of thy Love and Grace;
 Angels and Saints thy ceaseless Praise do sing
 To thee they do their grateful Tribute bring.
 Praise him ye Sainte, ye happy Souls on Earth,
 Ye who do know the blessed Second-Birth,
 Rejoice, since your Redemption draweth nigh,
 For soon with them Praise will be your Employ,
 Follow your Lord, while living here below,
 Thro' good Report and evil with him go;
 Be humble, patient, and resign'd to God,
 Who hath and will do all for your own Good:
 Mind not vain Trifles, but substantial joys,
 For you know well where solid Comfort lies:
 Mind nought so much as your immortal Part,
 Rest not content till you are pure in Heart;
 In all you do strive to set forth his Praise,
 Since your Salvation freely came by Grace;
 Obey the Motions of your Guide within,
 Grieve him no more by in, or outward Sin;
 Delight for him all Things for to endure,
 Crosses, indeed, lead to the Crown most sure,
 And so, in Hope the Crown for to enjoy,
 Bear well your Cross, your Cross will bear you high:
 High above Earth, and earthly Things you'll rove,
 And in your Hearts enjoy perpetual Love:
 God is your Friend, his Friendship you enjoy;
 Keep close to him by Prayer until you die;
 Mind not the Frowns or Smiles of this vile Age,
 But ev'ry Foe by Strength divine engage,
 And never fear but you shall Conquest win,
 Over yourself, Satan the World, and Sin;

A glorious Conquest this indeed will be
 Which ends in Peace, from Tribulation free.
 A Conquest which the Saints above have prov'd,
 They loved God, and were of him belov'd;
 Like them stand fast and fight your Passage thro'
 'Till you shall bid this sinful World adieu,
 'Till you are pure, and Death your Bodies slay,
 'Till landed safe in everlasting Day.
 O what a blessed, joyful, glorious Day!
 You there will have, and in it ever stay;
 A Day of Rest from Sorrow, Sin and Pain,
 From Satan, and a World of Pleasures vain;
 O Blessed Day! it's joys are lasting sure,
 To all, in Grace who to the End endure;
 Which that you may a glorious Conquest make,
 The Lord in Mercy grant for his own Sake.

To you again who do God's Law transgress,
 What shall I say that you may seek for Peace!
 What Arguments shall I make use of to
 Persuade you now to shun the Path to woe?
 What can I say more than already done?
 Oh then be wise, receive it as your own;
 Consider well the dismal End of those
 Who do the Lord with all their Might oppose
 Consider well the Life and blessed End
 Of those who find and keep the Lord their Friend:
 You see their Life, their Death, and End in Bliss;
 O then, like them, obey the God of Grace;
 Like them be wise; as they were, Faithful be;
 Serve ye the Lord in true Sincerity,
 And never fear but you their End shall gain,
 You shall with God in endless Glory Reign.
 What say you yet? Will you be wise or no?
 Determine soon, or everlasting Woe
 Will be your Portion, to your dread Dismay,
 While Saints are living in eternal Day.

But

You

But why alas, why should your Portion be
 With Fiends consign'd to endless Misery ?
 Why should, I say, their dismal State be yours ?
 Since you may dwell with the bright Angel Powers.
 Be not unwise, turn, turn and don't delay,
 For Time, your precious Time, flies swift away.
 'Twill quickly end ; O then each Moment prize,
 And seek in earnest for substantial Joys ;
 Make no Pretence for Heaven, unless you do
 Forsake your Sins, the Cause of ev'ry Woe ;
 Talk not of Christ, or Works to gain Salvation,
 Unless in Heart you make Choice of Religion ;
 But if you think good Works your Souls will save
 To endless Bliss, why don't you better live ?
 For without them, in Fact you do make known,
 Your Souls will be eternally undone :
 Good Works you've none, for Sin is your Delight ;
 Good you despise and love the Works of Night,
 And yet you say good Works your Souls will save
 To endless Joys, tho' you in Sin do live.
 Alas poor Souls do not deceived be ?
 Your Way will doubtless end in Misery ;
 So look about you, be not so unwise
 To live in Sin and hope for endless Joys :
 Part with your Sins or you will be undone ;
 Embrace the Offer of God's only Son ;
 Pardon and Peace, and Life, and Love, and Joy,
 Will be your own, if you with him comply.
 Talk not like some Pretenders to Religion,
 Who rest content without their Soul's Conversion ;
 One says I've Works, another says I've Faith,
 Both which they say will save from endless Death ;
 Faith without Works, Works without Faith 'tis sure,
 Only declare the Heart to be impure.
 Faith is the Tree from whence good Works do spring ;
 Faith to the Soul is ev'ry needful Thing ;

Faith

Christ is the Root, Faith is the Branch, or Tree,
 From whence doth flow all Works of Piety.
 The Heart made good, good Fruit will doubtless bear,
 But outward Works prove not the Heart sincere;
 If Men have Faith from it good Works will spring,
 Works bring not Faith, but Faith good Works doth bring
 Get right within, then right without you'll be,
 Since from the Heart flows Works of Piety;
 Men may be right without, yet wrong within,
 The Mind renew'd will Conquer outward Sin;
 But right within, and wrong without none ate,
 This never was, nor will be, I declare.
 Consider this ye Men who live in Sin,
 And you who hope for Works in Bliss to reign,
 For outward Works, without the Heart's made good,
 Will never bring the Soul to live with God,
 But Thousands little think about the same,
 For if they did, sure they would turn to him;
 They would not rest i'th' outside of Religion,
 But would pursue in earnest their Salvation.
 But sure I say Men long for endless Pain,
 Or they would never hug that Monster Sin;
 For Sin they do with all their Might pursue,
 And if not quickly they too late will rue:
 Be not so hasty, O ye Sons of Men,
 To make sure Work of everlasting Pain;
 Consider well where a vain Life will end;
 Be wise, Refrain, and seek the Judge your Friend;
 Where he's a Friend he is the best that can
 Be found in Favour of poor mortal Man;
 And if you find and keep him here your Friend,
 He'll be the same when Time with you shall end,
 So make your Choice, chuse Virtue or keep Sin;
 Chuse Life or Death, a Heaven or Hell within;
 For endless Night, and everlasting Day,
 Is at your Choice, so make it while you may.

You see if you make Jesus Christ your Friend
 Eternal Bliss with him will be your End,
 But if you do not, everlasting Woe
 Will be your Portion, you will quickly know.
 But why, alas! Why should eternal Pain?
 Your Portion be, since you with God may Reign?
 Why will you die, since you may always live,
 Alas! Poor Souls, do not yourselves deceive;
 Make no Pretence to what Sect you belong,
 If you resolve the downward Road to throng.
 Say nought of Church, of Chapel, or the like,
 Unless at Sin, both Root and Branch, you strike.
 When Sunday comes, the blessed Sabbath-Day,
 People to th' Church, or Chapel, do away;
 There what do they? Why thousands do declare
 That they in true Religion have no share;
 For many talk before Service begins,
 Like the ATHENIANS, about needless Things;
 But when the Parson doth before them come
 They seem like Saints whose Graces are in Bloom;
 Saints in appearance (only) are not good,
 But Saints in Heart and Life are lov'd of God.
 True Saints (indeed) are serious, ev'ry where,
 They Love the Lord and from all Sin forbear.
 True Saints, or Christians, no Disturbance make,
 In God's own House, nor in it vainly speak,
 But such as make Disturbance cannot be
 True Saints, or Christians, in Sincerity;
 For some short Space these seem as tho' they were
 True earnest Saints, but they are not sincere;
 For if they were Religious they would be
 In ev'ry Place and from all Evil flee;
 But too, too many, of this sort are found,
 In ev'ry Sect, with Hearts and Lives unsound;
 Swearers, and Drunkards, yea the vilest Men
 Are found in all, it doth appear too plain;

Yet

Yet all are strenuous for their own Religion,
 Poor Advocates, while strangers to Conversion.
 One Party says our Way of Worship's right,
 Others are dark, but ours is open light;
 Another says our Way is right and we
 Will stand by it, unto the last Degree;
 Thus each contend, great Zealots they do seem,
 Tho' Sin they love, and SATAN's Ways esteem:
 Zealots like these are Scandals to Religion.
 Rejectors of the Lord and his Salvation,
 Poor silly Men, what doth it signify,
 What's right or wrong, while they with Sin comply?
 Talk ye no more what's right or what is wrong,
 While you resolve the downward Road to throng;
 Stand up no more to talk about Religion,
 Unless you will seek for your Soul's Salvation.
 No more to any Place of Worship go,
 If you will travel in the Way to Woe.
 Pretend no more of knowing ought that's good,
 While you do Sin against a gracious God.
 For more you know worse punish'd you will be,
 Unless you do from Sin to Jesus flee.
 Greater your Knowledge worse will prove your Fate,
 If dying in an unconverted State.
 Resolve straightway to serve God or the Devil;
 Pursue all Good, or else pursue all Evil.
 Halt not between two, be one thing or other,
 Serve God or Satan, soon to one surrender.
 Be Saints, indeed, or else to all declare
 That you are those who travel to Despair.
 If you serve Satan Woe your End will be,
 If you serve God his Glory shall you see.
 I speak with Freedom, for I do declare
 Two Masters you can never serve sincere;
 So cleave to one and from the other go,
 Resolve with speed what you intend to do;

But had you not far better turn to God
 Who will work in you every needful good,
 Had you not better live to him while here,
 That you, at Death, in Glory may appear?
 Yea sure you had; O I then no longer trifle,
 But let each one become the Lord's Disciple;
 Delay no longer, this may prove your Fate,
 While you are in an unconverted State;
 For I declare to every Soul of Man,
 All Sin deserveth everlasting Pain;
 Be who you will or what you will, I say,
 If you die guilty, you will die away;
 Tho' you declare yours is the best Religion,
 Hell you will have if you reject Salvation.
 For Names and Sects, and Parties, nothing are,
 With God, before whom all must soon appear:
 'Twill not be ask'd which Party we were in,
 But whether we serv'd God or liv'd in Sin.
 We may belong to any and be good,
 We may be in the best, nor live with God.
 I wonder then at Men's Infatuation,
 To talk so much for this or that Religion,
 While they love Sin, or trust to gain Salvation
 For outward Works, without Regeneration;
 A Soul renew'd, a pure, and spotless Mind,
 Can only entrance into Glory find.
 A Heaven it finds while in its House of Clay;
 It's full Enjoyment is in endless Day.

You that are young I call you to be wise,
 Forsake your Sins and seek substantial Joys;
 Begin, while young, to serve the Lord most high,
 Since you, before old Age commence, may die.
 Say not you are too young to be religious;
 Are you too young to know the Lord all gracious?

Are

Are you too young to close in with Religion ?
 Too young are you to know God your Salvation ?
 No, you are not ; Of then no longer be
 Led into Sin by any Company ;
 For many die while in their bloom of Youth ;
 Search the Church-Yard and that will speak the Truth.
 There you may read upon the Stones which lie,
 The Age of many who in Youth did die :
 One died at five, another died at ten,
 At fifteen, twenty, growing up to Men ;
 They thought, perhaps, to live till old they were,
 But Death, you see, did unto them appear ;
 And unto you that Messenger may come,
 And take you hence, to your eternal Home.
 Uncertain when, yet certain this will be ;
 Soon you, and all, Eternity must see ;
 Then, since 'tis so, seek God and his Salvation,
 Rest not content without your Soul's Conversion.
 Refrain from Evil Men, who lead to Ill,
 But seek to know and do God's blessed Will ;
 In every Thing you think, or speak or do,
 Shew forth his Praise and on to Glory go.
 Serve him while young, he is the best of Friends ;
 He gives Salvation and sure Comfort sends.
 In serving him you'll find substantial Good,
 The Friendship Favour and the Love of God.
 All Things he made that were, are, or shall be,
 And Food and Raiment he bestoweth free ;
 And Grace and Glory come the self same Way,
 To all who live, believe, and Watch and Pray.
 This you must do, or Glory never will
 Your Portion be, on Sion's happy Hill ;
 But if in earnest you do live and die,
 Happy you'll be to all Eternity.
 Then you will not repent for serving God,
 While living here, or being too soon good ;

For his Rewards in Time and endless Day,
 Are great to all who do his Grace obey.
 All praise to God the Father you will sing,
 And God the Son, the Saints eternal King,
 And God the Spirit, you, for evermore,
 Will praise one God, and three in one adore;
 With Angels, and Archangels, you will join
 In one eternal Song of Praise divine,
 Who ceaseless Holy, holy, holy cry
 To God, the everlasting God on high;
 Him they adore for his abundant Grace:
 His Love in them doth cause eternal praise.
 Love is their Heaven, Praise their whole Emp'oy;
 O happy State! O blessed World of Joy.
 This, my young Friends will soon your Dwelling be,
 If you from Sin to Christ my Saviour flee;
 If you, like *Mary*, chuse the better part,
 You will find Heaven brought into your Heart.
 Then trifle not, but walk in Wisdom's Way
 Her Path shines bright; it leads to endless Day.
 Her Ways are pleasant; all her Paths are Peace;
 She saves from Sin and Woe, to endless Bliss.
 Come then, I pray, of Wisdom now make Choice;
 'Twill do you good to hearken to her Voice.
 She'll make you wise unto Salvation here,
 And for pure Joys your precious Souls prepare.
 You all desire that you may happy be,
 When took from hence into Eternity:
 This to attain, live, while on Earth, to God,
 Who will to you give ev'ry needfull Good.

To you in Years I now shall something speak;
 But with Submission my Address I make;
 I reverence you because of your gray Hairs,
 That hoary Sight Old-age in you declares:
 But yet, I say, how far in true Religion,
 Have you advanc'd against your Dissolution?

One

One may expect you are well fraught with Grace,
 For the bright Shore of everlasting Bliss:
 Have you repented, and are you forgiv'n?
 And will your lading pass for good in Heav'n?
 Are you made holy, righteous, all within?
 Do you serve God or do you live in Sin?
 Take nought with you but what will pass for Good,
 If you are holy you will live with God;
 If you are Sinners, and do Sinners die,
 You will not live in the bright World of Joy.
 So try your State; examine well your Mind;
 For right or wrong the same you'll doubtless find.
 If you are right bless God for saving Grace,
 If you are wrong seek earnestly for Peace.
 For now or never is the Time for you,
 Since you must quickly bid this world Adieu.
 One foot in Time, another in the Grave.
 Then O! What Need of being right you have!
 Your Time is short, your glass will soon be down;
 Death over you will quickly get renown.
 He'll conquer you, O! Then with Speed prepare,
 For your last Day, that you may Praise declare;
 Repent straightway, get pardon of all Sin;
 Get Holiness, the Stamp divine within.
 Intreat the Lord, by earnest pray'r; for this,
 This he will give and everlasting Bliss.
 Now to conclude I hope each-one will strive
 While they have Health, to save their Souls alive.
 Put this not off till to some after Date,
 Lest you repent when it may be too late.
 But while the Lord doth give you Time and Grace,
 Repent of all your Sin and Wickedness.
 While, by his Spirit, he works in your Mind,
 Be wise, and you will sure Salvation find.
 All Men, have light; the worst can this declare:
 All Men, at Times, by God convinced are;

All Men will be without Excuse at last;
 O! then your Souls on his free Mercy cast;
 For his own Sake who shed his Precious Blood,
 And for your Souls true everlasting Good.
 Be wise in Time to know your gracious Day;
 Seek ye and find Salvation while you may.
 Live not in Sin, nor trust for Works to be
 Saved from Hell, to true Felicity.
 But use the Means, yet look through all to God,
 Who will do all for your eternal Good.
 He'll give you Pardon, Holiness and Bliss,
 Pure Peace in Time, and Endless Happiness.
 What e'er you want you may from him receive,
 To make you meet in ceaseless Joys to live.
 Who then would not serve such a God as he,
 Who gives to Sinners Grace and Glory free?
 And all who seek in earnest find the same;
 Seek ye; and live and die to Praise his Name.





On GOD's LOVE to Mankind.

WHAT wonderous things are spoke of Love,
Love is the greatest chiefest good,
Love is the Heaven of Heaven's above,
Love was, and is, and will be God;
Love is his Name, O blessed Name!
Love is his Nature; blessed Love!
By Love our great Salvation came,
Love brought the Saviour from above;
Love, an all gracious Promise made
When ADAM by Transgression fell,
Love in him bruise'd the Serpents Head,
Love came to save Mankind from Hell.
Love was the cause of his meek Birth,
Love was the cause of his pure Life,
Love was the cause why he on Earth
Liv'd free from ev'ry Sin and strife.
Love was the only moving cause
Why he did die upon the Tree,
Love bore him up in all his Woes,
In Love he dy'd for all, and me.
Love caus'd his Resurrection's Pow'r,
Love brought him unto Life again,
Love did to all Mankind restore
A way to 'scape Eternal Pain:
Love caus'd him to appear again
To his Apostles in distress,
Love gave them Comfort after Pain,
Love fill'd their Souls with Life and Peace,
Love gave to each a strict Command
To Preach his Love to all Mankind,
Love made them truly understand
That all might sure Salvation find;

Love

Love promis'd he would with them be
 'Till Time, their precious Time should end :
 Love promis'd one thing should be free,
 His Spirit shou'd their Souls befriend ;
 Love caus'd him to Ascend again
 To the bright Realms of perfect Day,
 Love there Supream always will Reign
 Love doth each Mind in Glory sway.
 Love sent the promis'd Blessing down,
 Love with the holy Spirit came,
 Love rais'd each Soul to high renown,
 Who felt it's all reviving flame.
 Love caus'd them to lift up their Voice,
 Love caus'd them to call Sinners in,
 Love caus'd their Souls for to rejoice,
 To see poor Sinners sav'd from Sin.
 Love crown'd their Labours with Success,
 Love caus'd them far and near to go,
 Love bore them up in all Distress,
 Love was their Heav'n and all below.
 Love did and doth convince of Sin,
 Love did and doth forgive the same,
 Love did and doth make pure within
 The Souls who feel it's cheering Flame:
 Love opens poor blind Sinners Eyes,
 Love doth the humbled Soul convert,
 Love gives the Soul substantial Joys,
 Love doth Eternal Life impart.
 Love maketh rich the mournfull Poor,
 Love makes Believers free from Sin,
 Love doth the Soul throughly restore,
 Love maketh Pure without, within.
 Love keeps the Mind when Death draws nigh,
 Love bears it up when Flesh doth fail,
 Love saves the Soul to Endless Joy,
 Love is the Pilot, Ship Wind, Sail ;

Love is the source of perfect Bliss,
 Love is the only Heav'n above,
 Love causeth everlasting praise,
 Love, boundless is, since God is Love:
 Love was from all Eternity,
 Love will Eternally remain,
 Love doth in God's own Bosom lie,
 Love is the Saints Eternal gain.
 Love is their all while here they stay,
 Love is their all in Heav'n above,
 Love maketh everlasting Day,
 Love all Victorious Saints do prove.
 In any Soul where love doth Reign,
 A Heav'n on Earth that Soul doth prove,
 Such do all Righteousness maintain,
 For all their Actions spring from Love.
 Love doubtless is the greatest good,
 Nothing with Love can equal'd be;
 Love was, and is, and will be God,
 The Source of all felicity.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 One God, Immortal Praise be given,
 By all the bless'd Angelic Hosts;
 By all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.
 Praise is thy due thou God of Love,
 To thee belongs immortal Praise,
 When I thy Ceaseless Glory prove;
 I'll Sing the wonders of thy Grace:
 Save me from Sin while here I live,
 Thy glorious Image may I prove,
 Then when I die my Soul receive,
 Where I shall praise adore and Love.

CHRIST'S CALL to the Weary and Heavy Laden.

COME unto me, ye Sinners all
With Sins and Fears oppress'd ;
Harken to me, obey my call
And I will give you Rest.
My Arms are open to Embrace,
The Vilest of Mankind ;
Who stoop to my all-saving Grace
Shall sure Salvation find ;
For I am God, Mighty to save
The Souls who come to me,
Pardon and Peace I freely give,
And Life and Liberty.
None ever sought my Face in vain,
None ever miss'd of Cure ;
All shall with me in Glory Reign,
Who to the End endure.
Salvation from all Sin I give,
And everlasting Joys ;
All Souls in Time who to me live,
Shall to my Glory rise.
The mournfull doubting Heart I cheer,
The Sinner I set free ;
My humble Servants I prepare,
Always to live with me.
They shall my ceaseless Glory see,
And walk with me in white,
They shall to all Eternity
Praise me their own Delight.
Happy the Souls who serve him here,
Who feel pure Peace and Love,
Thrice happy they, who do appear
Unceasing Joys to prove.
Till the bless'd Hour of my Release,
Lord may I live to thee,
May I do all Things to thy Praise,
Work thou all Good in me.